

› The Hate That Hate Made (Power of God mix)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

June Sixth in the time of six o'clock

Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks

Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside

Could've been any brother lookin' for a dope ride

Seein' a white girl wasn't in the plan

But the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man

A bad case of the right place at the right time

Makes you just ask, "Why?"

I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do

To a female that was meant for you

Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin' a black man

So you bust caps on an innocent bystand

But I guess we all look the same

A goddamned shame you don't know my name

Musta just been too black so the payback

Fit the ID for someone like me

But you see I don't think like you do

I come much sicker with the retribute

Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot

Ready movin' steady when I bust your spot, huh

You dumb motherf**kers just don't know me

You don't control me, so leave me lonely

Step and be prone to a cap to the dome

I don't quit (gunshot) when I start tearin' up sh*t

This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed

Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin' out

Packin' a Mac-10, strapped and capped him

Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?

[Verse 2]

Warned once before, avoid the hardcore

Vigilante punk-police encore anthem

Just made by the panther noir

Step aside 'cause my rhythm's the guide and I go far

Introduced, let loose to the public

Stepped to this but ya missed and I bust quick

With rounds of rapid fire, sharper than barbed wire

Shouldn'ta done this, so now I'm run sh*t, huh

P-Dog, original Earth-born

Cream and I mean I'm mean 'cause I've been torn
Apart since youth, no truth in Babylon
'Scuse me, USA, but I ain't wrong
So you say blue eyes and slim hips are hip
'Cause blondes have more fun n' sh*t
But I guess I just must be the black sheep
Or better yet white sheep, beauty's skin deep
So make way for the good gut with the black hat
My first two words was "F**k That"
Ain't light enough so you think I don't know
But this ain't no, gorilla sideshow
But then maybe it is when it's spelled with a U-E
Instead of an O 'cause I Boozee
Down at point-blank range when ya think that
The black was with that inferior format
So I spit, fold the grits and stay paid
And I won't stray from the path Allah laid
F**kin' up because I ain't no slave
I just say, it's the Hate That Hate Made